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EPISODE FOUR

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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5S

"WARRIORS' GATE"

by

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DOCTOR WHO: "WARRIROS' GATE" EPISODE FOUR

CAST:

Doctor  
Romana  
Adric  
K9

Biroc  
Lazlo

Rorvik  
Packard  
Lane  
Aldo  
Waldo  
Sagan  
Nestor

Child Thark (N/S)  
Tharks (N/S)  
Humanoid Servants (N/S)  
Gundans (N/S)  
Crewmen (N/S)

SETS:

Int. New Banqueting Hall  
Int. Old Banqueting Hall (with Minstrel's Gallery)

Int. Gateway Entrance Tunnel  
Int. Gateway

Ext. Tardis in Void  
Int. Tardis Console Room

Int. Bridge of Privateer  
Ext. Void by Privateer  
Int. Hold of Privateer  
Int. Corridor of Privateer  
Int. Damaged area of Privateer  
Ext. Void by Privateer & Tardis

Int. Avenue behind the Mirror  
Ext. Thark Palace Gardens

Model Shots:

Ext. Tardis & Privateer in the Void  
Ext. Shell of Privateer



TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Opening  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. INT. THE NEW BANQUETING HALL.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL  
SEATED AMONG THE THARKS,  
ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS OF  
THE BANQUET, WAITED ON BY  
HUMANOID SERVANTS)

DOCTOR: [REFERRING TO THE  
DISH BEFORE HIM] Such variety.  
Where did it all come from?

BIROC: The universe is our  
garden.

DOCTOR: So this is what it  
was like.

BIROC: At the height our  
Empire, before the Tharks became  
the slaves of men.

DOCTOR: I notice you don't  
do too badly for staff yourself.  
This garden of yours, the universe.  
How do you keep it all going?

BIROC: We use our power.  
To those who travel on the Time  
Winds the vastness of space is no  
obstacle. Everything is ours.

DOCTOR: [INDICATING THE  
SERVANTS] Including these chaps.

BIROC: Everything.

DOCTOR: People, too?

BIROC: They are only men.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES HIS  
PLATE ASIDE)

DOCTOR: I've seen enough,  
Biroc. This is no way to run an  
Empire.

(ROMANA STANDS IN THE  
MINSTREL'S GALLERY, A  
HEALED LAZLO BESIDE HER.

SHE TURNS TO HIM)

ROMANA: Danger? The  
Doctor's in danger.

(SHE LOOKS AT LAZLO, WHO  
NODS.

ROMANA LEANS FORWARD TO  
SHOUT TO THE DOCTOR, BUT  
TOO LATE.

THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN.

SUDDENLY THE BANQUETING  
HALL IS SWARMING WITH  
GUNDANS, THEIR AXES  
FLASHING.

ROMANA RUNS TO THE

DOCTOR. RISING TO HIS  
FEET, HE PUTS A  
PROTECTIVE ARM AROUND  
HER.

ONE AXE SWINGS INTO THE  
TABLE, CLEAVING IT FROM  
END TO END.

THE SCENE FRAGMENTS AS  
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA  
STAND TO FACE:)



2. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(RORVIK AND HIS CREW, IN  
A SEMICIRCLE, THEIR HAND  
WEAPONS DRAWN AND POINTED  
AT THE FOCUS OF  
INTEREST:

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA  
AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE  
MOULDERING FEAST)

RORVIK: Well, Doctor. This  
is a surprise.

DOCTOR: For me too.

RORVIK: You seem to come and  
go around here with a great deal of  
freedom.

DOCTOR: It is a bit  
alarming, isn't it. And the  
culinary arrangements are rather  
variable too.

RORVIK: What's the secret?  
Something you'd care to share with  
us?

ROMANA: You won't get the  
Doctor's help by pointing guns at  
him.

(RORVIK RAISES HIS  
WEAPON)

RORVIK: I negotiate from  
strength.

DOCTOR: Much the best way.  
When you can do it.

ROMANA: You've mended the  
warp motors, then? Found a new  
navigator?

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] No need  
to be aggressive. We're all in the  
same boat -- they know that.

RORVIK: Except that you know  
the way out.

DOCTOR: Do I?

RORVIK: That way. [HE  
POINTS TO THE NEAREST MIRROR]

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS  
HEAD)

DOCTOR: Sorry. That's a  
dead end.

RORVIK: I don't believe you.  
And neither do my men.

(RORVIK LOOKS AROUND AT  
HIM MEN, HOPING THEY'LL  
BE SHOWING THEMSELVES AT  
THEIR MOST TRIGGER-HAPPY  
AND RESTLESS.

THEY STILL HAVE THEIR  
WEAPONS POINTED VAGUELY  
IN THE DOCTOR'S  
DIRECTION, BUT WITH THE  
EXCEPTION OF PACKARD THEY

ARE ONE-HANDEDLY RESUMING  
WHAT REMAINS OF THEIR  
LUNCH)

DOCTOR: A hungry bunch. As  
a matter of fact, it's all a dead  
end. And unless we work together  
we could be stuck here till the  
crack of doom. [OVER PACKARD'S  
SHOULDER] Could I have one of your  
pickles? [TAKING IT] I had to  
rush lunch.

PACKARD: [CHECKING WITH  
RORVIK] All right?

RORVIK: Why not? It's his  
last meal.

DOCTOR: [HELPING HIMSELF  
LIBERALLY] That goes for all of  
us. [WAVING A CHICKEN LEG IN THE  
DIRECTION OF A THARK SKELETON] We  
won't be much better off than this  
chap here once the sandwiches run  
out.

RORVIK: Enough of the  
gossip. [RAISING HIS WEAPON] The  
secret, Doctor?

(THERE IS A NEW URGENCY  
IN RORVIK'S TONE. HIS  
CREWMEN HEAR IT, AND  
ABANDON THEIR  
PREOCCUPATION WITH THEIR  
LUNCH. ALL WEAPONS ARE  
NOW LEVELLED AT THE  
DOCTOR AND ROMANA)



K9: [ENTERING BEHIND  
THEM] Alert, danger, warning.  
Repeat. Present mass anomaly  
increasing. Danger. Warning.

(PACKARD TURNS ROUND TO  
SEE K9 ADVANCING TOWARDS  
HIM)

PACKARD: I don't believe it.

ROMANA: K9!

DOCTOR: Where have you been,  
poor old thing?

RORVIK: Is that yours?

K9: Mass conversion  
anomaly. Alert, danger, warning!

RORVIK: Shut him up.

(HE TURNS TO POINT HIS  
GUN AT HIM.)

THE DOCTOR STEPS IN  
BETWEEN K9 AND RORVIK,  
AND PUSHES HIS CHICKEN  
BONE INTO THE END OF  
RORVIK'S LASER)

DOCTOR: I wouldn't do that.  
He may have a point.

(THE DOCTOR KNEELS DOWN  
TO TALK TO K9)

DOCTOR: What's all this  
about a mass conversion anomaly?

K9: Dimensional  
contraction of microcosmic system.  
Orders?

(THE ENTRANCE OF K9 HAS  
CAUSED A CERTAIN AMOUNT  
OF AMUSEMENT AMONG THE  
CREW. THE DOCTOR HOLDS  
UP HIS HAND FOR SILENCE)

DOCTOR: Dimensional  
contraction? This could be  
serious.

ROMANA: [JOINING HIM BY K9]  
It's the memory wafers, Doctor.  
He's going a bit funny.

K9: Zero space, zero  
time situation imminent. Warning.

DOCTOR: [GRIMLY] That's not  
very funny. [TO K9] What's  
causing it?

K9: Impossible to  
compute. Space Time instability.

RORVIK: [WITH MENACE] Time  
to play with your toys later,  
Doctor.

DOCTOR: [STRAIGHTENING UP]  
I'm afraid not. Listen, all of  
you. If K9's right, and he usually  
is, this place is in worse shape  
than we thought.

PACKARD: You can't get worse than the back of beyond.

DOCTOR: In a little while it may not even be that.

ROMANA: K9 says its dimensions are contracting.

RORVIK: That's the silliest thing I've heard all day. [TO PACKARD] Who's going to believe that?

PACKARD: Well...

RORVIK: I thought you might. It's ridiculous. Space contracting?

ROMANA: And time.

PACKARD: At least hear him out. What's the hurry?

DOCTOR: Quite a lot, actually. [TO K9] How long have we got?

K9: Contraction curve exponential. Estimate on present data beyond capability of this unit.

ROMANA: So it's starting slowly, but could collapse completely any minute.



DOCTOR: It would take some huge mass to distort space-time to that extent. The Tardis doesn't weigh that much. [TO RORVIK] And nor does your ship.

ROMANA: It might. The hull's made of dwarf star alloy.

DOCTOR: What? [TO RORVIK] Why dwarf star alloy? What are you up to?

(THE DOCTOR TAKES OUT OF HIS POCKET THE MANACLE WE SAW BY THE MIRROR AT THE END OF EPISODE ONE)

DOCTOR: Something to do with these? [HE HOLDS IT UP IN FRONT OF RORVIK]

ROMANA: They're slavers!

DOCTOR: That's right, Romana. Trading in time-sensitives. Dwarf Star alloy is the only material that can hold them.

RORVIK: [REACHING OUT FOR THE MANACLE] And it's very expensive.

DOCTOR: [TUCKING IT BACK IN HIS POCKET] How many of the poor creatures have you got in that hulk of yours?

(DURING THIS, UNREMARKED BY THE OTHERS, K9 HAS

CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS OWN REFLECTION  
IN THE MIRROR.

HE HOBBOLES OVER TO INVESTIGATE)

RORVIK: Poor creatures?  
Each one is worth a king's ransom,  
Doctor. You seem to understand  
business even less than you  
understand science. This wild  
theory about contraction....

DOCTOR: Oh, it's not wild.  
K9's usually... [HE LOOKS AROUND]  
K9?

(K9 IS LOOKING INTO THE  
MIRROR)

K9: 9K, 9K. Tuo yaw.

RORVIK: Your machine seems  
to know something about it, even if  
you don't. [TO HIS MEN] Get them  
to the mirrors.

(SEVERAL OF THE CREWMEN  
GRAB THE DOCTOR AND  
ROMANA AND DRIVE THEM  
ACROSS TO THE NEAREST  
MIRRORS, HAND WEAPONS  
JABBED IN THEIR BACKS)

PACKARD: [TO THE DOCTOR, AS  
THEY GO] So what you're saying....  
[HE CATCHES RORVIK'S EYE, BUT  
CONTINUES ANYWAY] The distances  
are getting shorter.

LANE: Like between the ship and here?

DOCTOR: That's right. As the domain contracts.

RORVIK: Shut up. He's playing for time.

DOCTOR: Time? Quite the reverse.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE NOW FACE TO FACE WITH THEIR REFLECTIONS IN THE MIRROR)

LANE: [TO RORVIK] He's right about one thing. The trip from here to the ship.... each time we've done it, it has been shorter.

DOCTOR: If I can get back to the Tardis I'll prove it. And gather some idea of how much time is left.

RORVIK: Gobbledegook! We can deal with this in very short order. [PUTTING A WEAPON TO THE DOCTOR'S EAR] Get us through.

(THE DOCTOR'S FACE IS JAMMED UP AGAINST THE GLASS. AS HE STARES INTO HIS OWN REFLECTION IT SEEMS TO DISSOLVE BEFORE HIS EYES.

RORVIK AND HIS CREW SEEM TO FREEZE IN TIME, AS:



THE SHADOWY FACE OF BIROC  
APPEARS BEYOND THE  
MIRROR)

DOCTOR: [A WHISPER] Hello?  
Biroc!

BIROC: [ALSO WHISPERING; ON  
ECHO] Doctor. You have seen our  
past, and you have seen our  
present. Judge whether we have not  
suffered punishment enough for the  
abuse of our gift.

DOCTOR: As you say, the weak  
enslave themselves.

BIROC: But the time of our  
enslavement is over. We will be  
free.

DOCTOR: I wish you luck.  
But what about us? Any ideas on  
that count?

BIROC: [A WHISPERED REPLY;  
ON ECHO] Do nothing. It is done.

DOCTOR: [AS THE IMAGE FADES]  
That's all very well, but... Biroc?  
Biroc?

(RORVIK AND HIS CREW  
RETURN TO LIFE)

RORVIK: [HIS FINGER  
WHITENING ON THE TRIGGER] Time's  
run out -- for you, Doctor.

(BUT AT THAT MOMENT THEY  
HEAR:)

ADRIC: P.. p.. please let  
the Doctor go....

(ALL EYES TURN, TO SEE:

ADRIC ASTRIDE THE MZ,  
WHICH IS POINTING  
STRAIGHT AT THEM)

ADRIC: Because.... I'm not  
sure what these levers do. But it  
is pointing in your direction.

(SUDDENLY ROVIK'S PARTY  
ABANDON ALL INTEREST IN  
THE DOCTOR, SCATTERING  
ACROSS THE ROOM.

ADRIC SEEMS TO HAVE  
MASTERED THE CONTROLS TO  
THE EXTENT THAT HE CAN  
FOLLOW RORVIK WITH THE  
MACHINE, PANNING HIM AS  
HE SKIPS FROM MIRROR TO  
MIRROR)

RORVIK: [SHOUTING TO ADRIC]  
Don't touch anything, you poisonous  
child! [WITH ILL-CONCEALED PANIC]  
Who is this boy?

DOCTOR: Friend of mine, I'm  
afraid. [TO ROMANA] Shall we  
slip away? Come on.

(THE DOCTOR PICKS UP K9  
AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR,  
FOLLOWED BY ROMANA. THEY  
COLLECT ADRIC FROM THE MZ

AND DISAPPEAR)

RORVIK: [TO HIS CREWMEN]  
All right, lads. Get them.

(THE CREWMEN COLLECT  
THEMSELVES AND BEGIN TO  
MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR)

RORVIK: [YELLING] Today!



3. INT. GATEWAY ENTRANCE TUNNEL. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR, CARRYING K9,  
ROMANA AND ADRIC RACE  
DOWN THE TUNNEL)

DOCTOR: Come on.

ROMANA: So you said. Where  
are we going?

DOCTOR: There doesn't seem  
to be a lot of choice. Let's see  
if we can find the Tardis.

4. EXT. THE GATEWAY. DUSK.

(AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE  
ENTRANCE ROMANA GIVES A  
SHOUT AND POINTS INTO THE  
VOID AHEAD OF THEM)

ROMANA: Doctor! Look!

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC  
STOP DEAD, FOLLOWING THE  
DIRECTION OF ROMANA'S  
GAZE)

DOCTOR: So K9 is right!

(WE SEE WHAT THEY SEE:

THE PRIVATEER LOOMING OUT  
OF THE MIST, ONLY A FEW  
YARDS AWAY FROM THE  
GATE)

DOCTOR: [DUMPING K9 ON  
ROMANA] Here, you carry him for a  
bit.

ROMANA: When are you going  
to learn that I'm not your  
dogsbody.

DOCTOR: I wish you were. He  
needs a new one.

(ROMANA PASSES K9 TO  
ADRIC)

ROMANA: Here. It's your  
turn.

DOCTOR: Come on.

ROMANA: And I wish you  
wouldn't keep saying come on. [TO  
ADRIC; WHO'S STRUGGLING BEHIND WITH  
K9] Come on!

(THEY RUN OFF.

RORVIK'S PARTY APPEARS,  
AND THEY TOO SEE THE  
SHIP. RORVIK STARES)

PACKARD: The ship's moved!

RORVIK: Contracting  
continuum!

PACKARD: Gobbledegook.

RORVIK: [TO PACKARD] You  
never learn anything, do you.  
There's only one thing for it. [TO  
ALL OF THEM] Right, everybody.  
The MZ!

(HE TURNS ROUND, LEADING  
HIS MEN AT A TROT BACK IN  
THE DIRECTION OF THE  
BANQUETING HALL.

TWO OF THE CREW REMAIN:  
SHY, DIFFIDENT MEN WITH  
HIGHER THINGS ON THEIR  
MINDS:)

ALDO: I'm not going near  
that thing.



WALDO: No problem. Rorvik knows what he's doing.

ALDO: You think so?

WALDO: Rorvik? He's seen us right up to now, hasn't he?

(THEY LOOK AROUND THEM AT THE EMPTY CULMINATION OF THEIR LIFE WITH RORVIK, AND AFTER A SINGLE SILENT MUTUAL GLANCE... VANISH SWIFTLY OUT INTO THE VOID.

THE GATEWAY STANDS DESERTED FOR A MOMENT.

THEN FROM BEHIND IT COMES A MASSIVE FLASH OF LIGHT, FOLLOWED BY A THUNDERCLAP.

THE SCENE FILLS WITH SUNDRY DEBRIS AND SMOKE.

AS THIS CLEARS WE SEE A CHARRED AND DEJECTED LINE OF RORVIK'S CREW, GROPING THEIR WAY OUT INTO THE AIR.

PACKARD BRINGS UP THE REAR)

RORVIK: [O.O.V] Don't give up, lads. We'll go for the back-blast.

5. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DUSK.

DOCTOR: [RUNNING IN,  
FOLLOWED BY ROMANA AND ADRIC]  
There she blows!

ROMANA: We found it!

DOCTOR: [AS THEY APPROACH  
IT] That's one advantage of living  
in a rapidly shrinking  
micro-universe.

ROMANA: What are the  
others?

DOCTOR: [AS THEY GO INSIDE]  
Very hard to say.

6. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

ROMANA: We can't just  
dematerialise and leave them.  
There are slaves on that ship.

(SUDDENLY THE TARDIS  
LURCHES)

ROMANA: What's happening?

DOCTOR: Mass attraction.  
Something's moving out there, and  
it's shaking the whole Gateway.

(ADRIC POINTS TO THE  
SCREEN)

ADRIC: Look!

(THE PRIVATEER IS OFF THE  
GROUND AND TURNING  
SLOWLY)

ROMANA: What's he doing? He  
can't take off with his warp motors  
in that state.

(THE SHIP'S JET VENTS  
LOOM INTO VIEW)

DOCTOR: A back-blast! He's  
going to use the jets to try to  
smash in the mirrors.

ROMANA: He's mad. The backlash will bounce back and destroy everything. It's bound to accelerate the collapse of space around here.

ADRIC: But couldn't that flip you back into N-space, if we dematerialised at the right moment.

ROMANA: We can't think of that, with those slaves on board. We've got to do something.

DOCTOR: Persuade Rorvik to chose a less violent way of going about things? I'm not hopeful.

ROMANA: Neither am I.

ADRIC: There is that damaged area.

DOCTOR: What damaged area?

ROMANA: Of course. By the warp motors. [TO THE DOCTOR] The main cable insulation is exposed. We might be able to short out their power.

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA AND ADRIC] You stay here. If I'm not back -- for whatever reason -- in fifteen minutes I want you to dematerialise.

ADRIC: Without you?



ROMANA: I'm not letting you go alone.

DOCTOR: Don't argue. It's time you learnt to obey orders.

ROMANA: Long past time. How do you think you're going to find the cables, for one thing? Adric and I have seen them.

ADRIC: I'm coming too.

ROMANA: You certainly are not. It's time you learnt to obey orders. Stay here, and if we're not back -- for whatever reason -- in fifteen minutes. I want you to dematerialise. Understand.

(THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN WATCHING ROMANA'S PERFORMANCE. HE SMILES)

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] I think your apprenticeship's almost over.

ROMANA: Almost? Huh!  
[SWEEPING OUT THROUGH THE DOOR]  
Come on.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES ADRIC'S HAND)

DOCTOR: We'll be back in time.

ADRIC: Of course you will.

DOCTOR: But just in case we  
aren't... [HE PUTS HIS HAT ON  
ADRIC'S HEAD] You're in charge of  
the Tardis.

7. EXT. THE TARDIS AND THE PRIVATEER IN  
THE VOID. DUSK.

(THE EXHAUST JETS OF THE GREAT SHIP LOOM UP OUT OF THE DARKENING MIST, DWARFING THE SMALL BLUE POLICE BOX, WHICH IS NOW POSITIONED IN THE GATEWAY.

THE TARDIS IS IN THE IMMEDIATE PATH OF THE BACKBLAST, THE EARLY BUILD-UP TO WHICH IS ALREADY APPEARING AS SMALL FLICKERING FLAMES.

ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR LEAVE THE TARDIS AND RUN TOWARDS THE PRIVATEER, WHICH IS BEGINNING TO SETTLE)

8. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DUSK.

RORVIK: Steady now. I want a landing that wouldn't ripple the skin on a custard.

(THERE IS A RESOUNDING BOOM, AND THE BRIDGE SHAKES VIOLENTLY)

RORVIK: [APPARENTLY SATISFIED] Good lads. Whose got control of the overload power?

SAGAN: I think it's me?

RORVIK: You think? Listen, everybody. This isn't the MZ we're messing around with here -- it's a full blown back-blast. I'd appreciate it if you could keep your eye on the controls.

NESTOR: [TO SAGAN] You know that little blue box thing's in they way?

SAGAN: Yes. Let's see how far we can blow it.

PACKARD: Back-blast activated and building.

RORVIK: How long till full power?

PACKARD: Ten minutes. Hard to tell, with the motors in this state.

RORVIK: Hmmm.

(HE IS STARING AT THE  
EMPTY NAVIGATOR'S  
HARNESS)

RORVIK: [TO PACKARD;  
SUDDENLY] Revivals. Break out the cargo.

PACKARD: What, now?

RORVIK: If this works we'll need to see where we're going.

PACKARD: We can't do a proper revival in ten minutes.

RORVIK: Revive them all.  
One of them might come through.

(PACKARD DITHERS)

RORVIK: [A SUDDEN OUTBURST]  
Try it! Let's do something around here for a change!



9. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA  
ARE MOVING ROUND THE SHIP  
TOWARDS THE DAMAGED  
AREA)

ROMANA:                   Come on, Doctor.  
This way.

DOCTOR:                   Thanks. How would I  
get on without you?

ROMANA:                   You'll have to, one  
day.

DOCTOR:                   Once we get back to  
Gallifrey? Let's burn that bridge  
when we come to it.

ROMANA:                   [WITH MEANING]  
Perhaps we already have.

10. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(ALDO AND WALDO APPEAR IN THE DOORWAY. ALDO REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH. WALDO GRABS HIS HAND)

WALDO: Don't switch the light on! It's bad for them.

ALDO: It's none of it doing them much good. Ten minutes to plug them all up! I don't know... Rush, rush.

(THEY MOVE AMONGST THE PRONE THARKS, WHEELING THE FIT ONES OUT INTO A STRAIGHT LINE. SAGAN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY)

SAGAN: Ready?

WALDO: Just as the Captain ordered. Neat as sardines.

SAGAN: Prepare for revival! Switch on now! Well, what's the matter?

ALDO: I'm coming over a touch nauseous, sir. I'd be all right with a breath of air...

SAGAN: [NONCOMMITTALLY]  
Huh.

(ALDO SHAMBLES TO THE

DOOR.

WALDO MOVES TO FOLLOW  
HIM)

SAGAN: [TO WALDO] Where are  
you going?

WALDO: I'll just make sure  
he's not having a bad time, sir.  
I'll be back in a minute.

(SAGAN BUSIES HIMSELF  
WITH PLUGGING IN THE  
FIRST SLEEPING THARK AS  
ALDO AND WALDO CREEP  
OUT)

11. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(ALDO AND WALDO LEAN  
AGAINST THE WALL, ASHEN  
AND WIPING THEIR BROWS)

ALDO: I can't stand a lot  
of that.

WALDO: Funny you joined up,  
really.

ALDO: They said I'd be  
posted close to home.

(WALDO SHAKES HIS HEAD.  
FROM INSIDE THE STOREROOM  
A TERRIBLE SCREAM EMERGES  
AS SAGAN SWITCHES ON THE  
FIRST REVIVAL ATTEMPT.

ALDO AND WALDO COWER  
TOGETHER)

WALDO: It'll all end in  
tears, mark my words.

12. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(SMOKE RISES FROM THE  
BODIES OF THE  
BADLY-BURNED THARKS --  
FAILURES IN SAGAN'S  
REVIVAL ATTEMPTS.

RORVIK COMES IN WITH LANE  
AT HIS ELBOW)

SAGAN:                      Sorry, sir. It's no  
good.

RORVIK:                    No good? What kind  
of a report is that?

SAGAN:                    Three tries, three  
rejects.

LANE:                    It could be the  
power fluctuations. Where we had  
the damage. I'll get back and  
check the cable.

RORVIK:                   Since when do you  
give yourself orders on my ship.  
I'll check the cable. Get back to  
the bridge.



13. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(BIROC AND LAZLO STAND  
OUTSIDE THE SHIP, AS IF  
WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO  
HAPPEN.

BIROC NODS TO LAZLO AND  
GOES.

THE AIRLOCK DOOR OPENS,  
AND RORVIK EMERGES INTO  
THE VOID.

BEFORE HE CAN CLOSE THE  
DOOR AGAIN LAZLO HAS  
SLIPPED INTO THE SHIP.

RORVIK BLINKS, UNSURE  
WHETHER HE HAS SEEN  
ANYTHING OR NOT)

14. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA  
ARE GROPING THEIR WAY UP  
THE LADDER THAT RUNS BY  
THE MAIN CABLE. THE  
SCENE IS ILLUMINATED FROM  
BELOW BY THE PULSATING  
LIGHTS OF THE OVERLOADED  
WARP MOTORS)

ROMANA: It's got to be here  
somewhere.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: A clipboard. I saw  
him mark the spot.

RORVIK: [O.O.V] Is this  
what you're looking for.

(THE CLIPBOARD COMES INTO  
SHOT FROM HIGHER UP THE  
LADDER. THEY LOOK UP TO  
SEE:

RORVIK LOWERING OVER  
THEM)

ROMANA: Look out, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Yes, very tricky.  
[HE TAKES THE CLIPBOARD] Look  
here, Rorvik. You'll have to stop  
this back-blast. You'll kill us  
all.

(ROMANA SIGNALS TO THE

DOCTOR, WHO, GETTING THE  
MESSAGE, PASSES HER THE  
CLIPBOARD WHILE HE  
ENGAGES RORVIK IN  
CONVERSATION)

RORVIK: So you say, Doctor.  
I say it's the only way out of  
here.

DOCTOR: You can't blast  
through those mirrors. You must  
realise by now that they just throw  
the energy straight back.

RORVIK: They've got to  
break. Everything breaks  
eventually.

(SUDDENLY HE NOTICES WHAT  
ROMANA IS TRYING TO DO:  
REACH UP TO PUSH THE  
DAMAGED CABLE AGAINST THE  
LADDER WITH THE  
CLIPBOARD, IN AN EFFORT  
TO EARTH IT WHILE THE  
DOCTOR PROVIDES THE  
DISTRACTION.

HE GRABS HER)

RORVIK: Let's not have any  
of that.

(THE DOCTOR DIVES FOR  
RORVIK'S FEET, TRYING TO  
PULL HIM AWAY FROM  
ROMANA.

RORVIK KICKS OUT AT THE  
DOCTOR, WHO HANGS ON TO  
HIS ANKLES.

ROMANA BEATS RORVIK OVER

THE HEAD WITH THE  
CLIPBOARD, BUT THE  
SLAVER'S SKULL SEEMS TO  
BE MADE OF DWARF STAR  
ALLOY LIKE HIS SHIP)

DOCTOR: [TO ROMANA] Never  
mind about that, short the cable!

(THE DOCTOR TAKES OUT OF  
HIS POCKET THE DWARF STAR  
ALLOY MANACLE AND THROWS  
IT UP TO ROMANA.)

AS ROMANA TURNS BACK TO  
THE ELECTRICS RORVIK  
GIVES A SERIES OF MIGHTY  
SHAKES THAT EVENTUALLY  
SENDS THE DOCTOR SLIDING  
BACK DOWN THE LADDER)

ROMANA: Doctor!

(SHE DESERTS HER TASK AND  
RUNS DOWN TO THE DOCTOR)

ROMANA: Doctor! Are you all  
right?

DOCTOR: I told you to short  
the cable.

ROMANA: Look!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP TO  
SEE THAT ROMANA HAS  
MANAGED TO WEDGE THE  
MANACLE BETWEEN THE CABLE  
AND THE LADDER A FEW  
INCHES FROM THE POINT AT  
WHICH THE INSULATION IS  
SPARKING.)



FOR A MOMENT WE WATCH THE  
GAP BETWEEN THE EXPOSED  
CABLE AND THE METAL RIM  
OF THE MANACLE SHORTEN AS  
THE INSULATION BURNS DOWN  
LIKE A FUSE)

DOCTOR:                    That should do the  
trick -- unless...

(RORVIK IS NOT BEATEN  
YET. KEEPING HIS FACE  
AVERTED FROM THE SPARKS  
AND FLAMES HE IS REACHING  
DOWN, TRYING TO DISLODGE  
THE MANACLE)

ROMANA:                    I'll stop him.

DOCTOR:                    [GRABBING THE  
LADDER] This isn't a job for the  
assistant.

(MOMENTARILY THEY LOOK  
DAGGERS AT ONE ANOTHER.  
THEN ROMANA GRACIOUSLY  
STEPS ASIDE AND LETS HIM  
PASS.

BUT AT THAT INSTANT, THE  
FACE OF BIROC  
MATERIALISES OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE LADDER.

THE DOCTOR STOPS DEAD)

DOCTOR:                    What are you doing  
here?

BIROC:                    Waiting.

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES UP.  
RORVIK HAS ALMOST  
DISLODGED THE MANACLE)

DOCTOR:                   That's all right for  
you.

BIROC:                   For you too. Do  
nothing.

ROMANA:                   [REALISATION  
DAWNING] Of course! Doctor,  
don't you see.....!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HER  
AND AT BIROC. HE THROWS  
A LAST LOOK UP AT THE  
FRENETIC ENDEAVOURS OF  
RORVIK, AND SMILES)

DOCTOR:                   Do nothing! -- if  
it's the right sort of nothing.  
Come on.

(BIROC EXTENDS HIS HANDS  
TO THEM BOTH.

AS ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR  
TOUCH BIROC THE THREE OF  
THEM SHIMMER OUT OF PHASE  
TOGETHER AS THEY MOVE  
SWIFTLY OUT TOWARDS THE  
VOID, LEAVING:

RORVIK UP ON THE LADDER,  
TRIUMPHANTLY WAVING THE  
MANACLE)

RORVIK: Run, Doctor. Scurry off back to your blue box. You're like all the rest, lizards when there's a man's job to be done. I'm sick of your kind, faint-hearted, lily-livered, do-nothing dead weights. This is the end for all of you. I'm finally getting something done.

(AND THE ROAR OF THE  
BUILDING POWER OF THE  
WARP MOTORS RISES TOWARDS  
A CLIMAX)

15. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DUSK.

(SAGAN IS RESOLUTELY ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE REVIVAL EQUIPMENT AGAIN. HE DIALS A SWITCH, PICKS UP THE TERMINAL LEAD AND PREPARES TO PLUG INTO ANOTHER THARK.

FROM BEHIND HIM, OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND SHIMMERING SLIGHTLY STEPS LAZLO.

HE STANDS BETWEEN SAGAN AND THE THARK NEXT IN LINE FOR REVIVAL. HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND TO STOP SAGAN, WHOSE HEAD SPINS BACK AND FORTH IN DISBELIEF BETWEEN THE SMOKING THARK AND THE IMMACULATE LAZLO)

SAGAN: Here, I haven't done you. Where did you spring from? Never mind, you're just what we need.

(HE REACHES FOR HIS LASER, BUT LAZLO GRIPS HIS WRIST TIGHTLY AND WITH THE OTHER HAND TAKES THE ELECTRICAL LEAD WHICH SAGAN STILL HOLDS)

SAGAN: Just a minute...  
hold on! NO!!!

(LAZLO TURNS THE TERMINALS TOWARDS SAGAN AND HAMMERS THEM INTO HIS CHEST. THE SHOCK THROWS SAGAN INTO A COMA, LIKE A SHOT RABBIT.

LAZLO MOVES ALONG THE  
LINE OF DORMANT THARKS.

AT HIS TOUCH EACH BODY  
BEGINS TO SHIMMER. THE  
SQUARED SHADOW PATTERN  
RIPPLES ACROSS HIM AS HE  
MOVES)



16. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER AND  
TARDIS. DUSK.

(THE PRIVATEER'S ENGINES,  
NOW RUNNING TOWARDS FULL  
POWER, SEND BLASTS OF HOT  
AIR ROARING PAST THE  
TARDIS, WHICH IS NOW  
GLOWING ALMOST AT RED  
HEAT.

BIROC, THE DOCTOR AND  
ROMANA RACE TOWARDS THE  
TARDIS.

BIROC RELEASES THEM WHEN  
THEY REACH THE DOORWAY.

THE DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD  
BUT ROMANA HANGS BACK)

DOCTOR: Quickly, she'll blow  
any minutes.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES FOR  
THE DOOR, BUT SNATCHES  
HIS HAND BACK WITH THE  
INTENSE HEAT. HE WRAPS  
HIS SCARF AROUND HIS HAND  
AND PUSHES THE DOOR. IT  
GIVES, AND HE HOLDS IT  
OPEN FOR ROMANA)

DOCTOR: Get inside.

ROMANA: What about the  
slaves?

DOCTOR: The Tharks can take  
care of their own.

(HIS SCARF IS SINGEING

DANGEROUSLY. HE WINCES  
AT THE HEAT FROM THE  
DOOR, BUT STILL HE HOLDS  
IT OPEN)

DOCTOR: Come on.  
[CORRECTING HIMSELF] Sorry. Would  
you care to step inside?

(ROMANA DOES SO)

DOCTOR: Well,  
goodbye, Biroc. We must  
hurry.

(THE TARDIS DOOR CLOSES)

17. INT. THE BANQUETING HALL. DUSK.

(BIROC, STILL SHIMMERING  
OUT OF PHASE, RACES  
ACROSS THE BANQUETING  
HALL AND DIVES THROUGH  
ONE OF THE MIRRORS)

18. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER AND  
TARDIS. DUSK.

(NOW ALMOST WHITE HOT  
UNDER THE TONGUES OF  
FLAME LASHING IT FROM THE  
PRIVATEER'S JETS, THE  
TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
WHITE-FACED, HUNCHED OVER  
THE CONSOLE,  
CONCENTRATING DEEPLY ON  
THE CONTROLS)

DOCTOR: We might make it.

ROMANA: Will Biroc be all  
right?

DOCTOR: All right? He'll be  
superb. Keep your eye on the  
scanner.

(ADRIC AND ROMANA LOOK UP  
AT THE SCANNER, AND  
SEE:)

20. EXT. THE SHELL OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DUSK.

(MODEL SHOT)

(FROM A HIGH ANGLE THE PRIVATEER LIFTS CLEAR OF THE GROUND, ALL THREE ENGINES OPERATING AT FULL BLAST IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GATEWAY. THE ROAR OF THE ENGINES REACH FEVER PITCH, THERE IS AN ALMIGHTLY EXPLOSION, FLAME AND DEBRIS FILL THE SCREEN.

GRADUALLY THE SMOKE DISAPPEARS, LEAVING THE SHATTERED STUMPS OF THE GATEWAY, TOGETHER WITH THE REMAINS OF THE PRIVATEER, LIKE THE ROTTED CORPSE OF SOME BEACHED WHALE.

NOW OUT OF THE IMMENSE BELLY OF THE RUINED SHIP TROOPS A SHIMMERING LINE OF THARKS, SLOW-MOVING AND LEAD BY LAZLO)



21. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DUSK

(LAZLO'S LINE OF THARKS,  
STILL SHIMMERING  
SLIGHTLY, MOVE THROUGH  
THE SMOKE-BLACKENED HALL  
TOWARDS THE MIRROR.

AS LAZLO REACHES THE  
MIRROR HE PAUSES  
MOMENTARILY AND TURNS  
SMILING TO THE THARKS,  
RAISING HIS ARM TO  
GESTURE THEM ON.

HE PASSES THROUGH THE  
MIRROR, AND ONE BY ONE  
THE THARKS FOLLOW HIM)

22. INT. THE AVENUE BEHIND THE MIRROR.  
DUSK.

(BIROC, HOLDING THE THARK  
CHILD'S HAND, IS LOOKING  
OUT OF THE MIRROR INTO  
THE BANQUETING HALL.

HE IS WELCOMING THE FREED  
SLAVES)

23. EXT. THE THARK PALACE GARDENS. DUSK.

(AGAINST A BLACK AND  
WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE  
GARDENS WE SEE THE TARDIS  
MOMENTARILY MATERIALISE  
IN THE AIR)

24. INT. THE AVENUE BEHIND THE MIRROR.  
DUSK.

(BIROC LOOKS UP, AS IF  
AWARE OF THE TARDIS)

25. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DUSK.

ADRIC:               The picture's  
fading. It's gone. There's  
nothing there.

(THE DOCTOR VISIBLY  
RELAXES AT THE CONTROLS.  
THE TIME COLUMN IS NOW  
OSCILLATING REGULARLY)

DOCTOR:            So it is. Nothing.  
Well, at least that's something.

ADRIC:               How can nothing be  
something.

DOCTOR:            If the E-Space image  
translator doesn't work, I'm hoping  
it means we're in N-space.

ROMANA:            Back in our own  
universe. [AFTER A MOMENT] How  
can we be sure?

DOCTOR:            Did I say "sure".  
One good solid hope is worth a  
cartload of certainties. I'd hoped  
you'd at least learnt that much.

ROMANA:            [PASSING HIM A SMALL  
BOX] Are you going to try the old  
image translator?

(THE DOCTOR STUDIES IT  
FOR A MOMENT)

DOCTOR:            You've mended this.



ROMANA: No.

DOCTOR: Let's try it anyway.  
[TO ADRIC] Keep your fingers  
crossed.

(ADRIC CROSSES HIS TWO  
INDEX FINGERS, THEN  
REMEMBERS TO DO IT THE  
WAY THE DOCTOR SHOWED HIM  
ONCE BEFORE)

DOCTOR: [SMILING HIS  
APPROVAL] You're learning fast.  
[AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT HE REACHES OVER  
AND REMOVES HIS HAT FROM ADRIC'S  
HEAD] But I don't think you're  
ready for that yet.

(AND THE DOCTOR PICKS UP  
THE IMAGE TRANSLATOR AND  
PREPARES TO SLOT IT INTO  
THE CONSOLE)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm